how does one feel ANYTHING at all? or feel like shit? or feel at one with self or reality or all you can hold smell hear or see? i fall back down get back up fall back down get back up fall back down and lay there not moving an inch. i don't want to keep moving around and seeing and feeling and being and remembering. it's all so simple isn't it, waste basket life put trash on it. i fall back down and this time i won't get up. back up your storage or pack up your belongings or grab hold to everything or you'll lose it or you'll lose it all regardless of anything you do. buried alive in quicksand suffocating breathing in silt. rebuild rebuild rebuild after disaster after disaster and you'll be fine. move on move move on. move on you'll be fine. it's all very simple, fall down, back up, write words in the back on the line you can't see in cursive you can maybe make it illegible. blur my vision blur my thoughts until they become a distant memory. no memories no memories no memories no memories. the walls turned pink in the biology room. i saw the checker board underneath my feet. smoking everyday smoking everyday stealing visine stealing time stealing snacks stealing time. fast forward time move it forward move backward no steps forward no steps backward. my head is put on backwards neck snapped. the void drains me it's taxing and i feel you killing me over time with poison in my drink and belongings and where do i belong and what do i long for? what is a dream what is a nightmare what seems to be the problem what's there what's there a hole a hole a hole? build structures around the hole build structures around the void watch it cave in and fall apart and not even matter in the end and you feel you don't matter again and your skin might not even be tangible anymore. always be transparent. always be transparent with your parents about everything even the private things they kill you with later. even the private things they tally up to use against you to keep you around and keep you distracted. they trick you into forgetting. burn my hand on the stove burn my hand on the lighter flame its bic brand. pen stabbing through my hand and my leg with ink spilling. there's a mic and speakers hooked up in the downtown area where everyone walks. everyone here's what's going on and walks. i keep walking and i keep avoiding the thoughts but they keep coming back to shove their dirty bitter hand in my mouth until i cry and scream. until my cries and screams are muffled and no-one can here. living life as sleep paralysis and no-one can here me. the back burner is over crowded i'll let it burn everything i'll let it burn me over and over and over. what have i earned? what do i deserve? the suffocating screams and cries of the ghosts in the confined space. walking into an attic and never coming out again. the attic we hotboxed and smoked and smoked and smoked. the attic i went into and never came out like family heirlooms. the oven mitt doesn't help my hand is still scalded. i'm burning alive and my hand is still scalded. do we pretend? do we pretend we're pretending and pretend that we're not? gritting my teeth together and jumping right up into the oven. hot fingers hot skin cold cold cold goosebumps on time on time, late, on time the air puncturing my pours and eyes and skin and face and eyes and mouth and everything you thought could be or couldn't be or already is or already isn't. pretending to exist so I can forget to remember and begin to understand and ignore and understand and ignore and pour out my effort on a page with ink with blood with flame that burns the gas the oil the fuel the time at school to learn a book to open and read and burn to burn to burn to earn nothing to be nothing to feel nothing to see everything as it is. time invades your eye sockets and the clock keeps ticking. the clock keeps ticking. the clock keeps ticking. my pockets are full of ash and lint. my pockets are full of contorted receipts. what

receipt do i need to return to where i came? when was the purchase made? i feel stolen from the void and drug through the primordial ooz. it's left it's slime on me as a mark representing what i could've had. the mud drowned me and got on my knees and under my finger nails. pulling out grass that's sharp as blades. crying inside and working and crying inside and hurting in my bones and spine and neck and muscles. bending over and doing it again and again and again and she stills screams at me. what else do you want? what else do you want to take? i know you can't help yourself. what's possible in this little pointless piece of shit waste of a life i've found myself stuck in. stuck in like a rat trap in a basement and i'm less than a rat i'm more like a roach. when did the pain stop? when did it begin? where does the pain end and i begin and i end and i begin and i end and i begin again and again and again and die and rebuild and die and come back to life as a new person again and again and again. seconds bleed into hours bleed into years bleed into my veins and cause blood poisoning that i've never recovered from. i've always had to hide. i fall thrown across the sidewalk off of my scooter scraping my knees and arms. my bikes pedal breaks off as i'm pedaling with all of my force and i scrape the whole left side of my body. there is still a scar on my hip. there is a scar on my elbow that became a keloid. i never got stitches when i needed to. i had to get stitches when a piece of metal on the diving board cut my hand open. i had to stitch myself up when no-one was around and i did the job poorly. i wish i did it better. i feel so ashamed that i couldn't do it better. becoming null and void and irrelevant to everyone around me. drowning in my experience day in and day out for so long i became more than one. expanding multiplying and rebuilding into 1000. becoming a million neglected souls in the wilderness with no hope of survival. i don't think i'll make it to the 27 club. 3 more years left.